

PAWOL

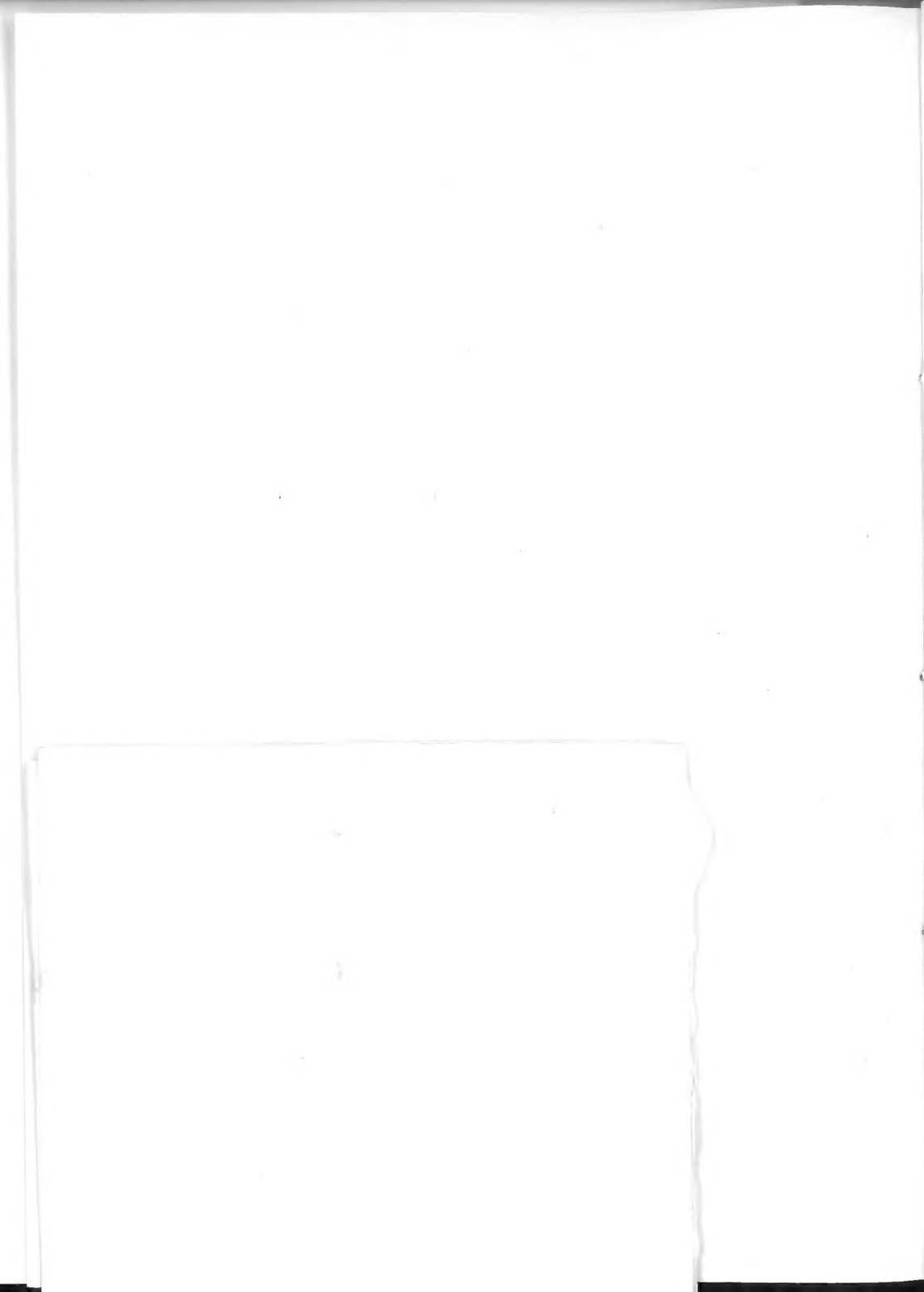
SENT - LISI

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ENGLISH



ASSOCIATION SAINTE-LUCIE / MARTINIQUE



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Y. FITT-DUVAL

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Once, as a child
i opened books, hoping
each was a casket precious with words
thoughts that had sapphired in the dark
deep underground in a man's mind.
i searched for feelings that had crystallised
into language (a word like "lust"
winked like a ruby in a navel
"mystery" was an emerald, "laughter" was amethyst
and once, i found, and then i lost
a strange word, one without facets, whole
almost beyond utterance and uttered best in secret :
the word "peace" like a pearl.
When i was young, i never wrote a poem.
Words flickered, beautiful and wild
in their closed cases, bright with the richness
of their maker's minds
and, as a child, it was enough.
I played, and then returned them.

I don't recall
when i became a thief
or why (perhaps losing that pearl ?)
i made my head a casket, locked up
the wealth of meanings that i had not mined :
words are the only diamonds you can't steal.
now the words rattle in my skull
loaded dice in a cracked cup
and i'm afraid to throw them
and there is no way to return them
except sometimes, as now,
within a poem.

Kendel HIPPOLYTE

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

In the middle of the night this howling.
We will have to wait until the morning
papers come to understand that prowling
messenger's lament.

Without warning,
this solitary hound which moves about
our dangerous streets before the dawning

hours, now comes to plead with loud devout
insistence right beneath our shutters.
We yearn to know of what he cries throughout
the dark.

Dear Lord Jesus, what soul utters
with such keening sorrow, gnashing, gnashing
at the night, what soul is lost beneath my shutters ?

My life cannot bear this gashing.
It crumbles from my face's edge, crashing
in the middle of the night.

John ROBERT-LEE

John ROBERT-LEE, was born in St-Lucia, W.I. on 6th May 1948. His poems and short stories have appeared in Caribbean and international journals and anthologies. He is Librarian-Tutor with the Sir Arthur Lewis Community College in St-Lucia. During 1990-1991, he lived in Boston, USA, as a Fulbright/Laspau scholar.

AN TI LAPWIYE

Papa Bondyé ki an syèl,
mwen ka wimésyé'w pou jou-a
ou té vwéyé Misyé Gaspa
an konmin Gwanwivyè
pou enstwi nou
an lanngaj Kwéyol-la.
Jézi, mwen ka mandé'w
pou vwéyé bennédiksyon'w
anlè nou, pou nou sa apwann
sa i ka moutjwé nou-a,
èk an tan ki ka vini
pou nou menm sa enstwi
ich nou èk ti ich-nou,
pou sa tjenn Kwéyol-la
vivan an Sent Lisi.
Sé sa mwen ka mandé'w
an lonnè di dyé.
Ensiswatin.

THERE STRAYS A DREAM

Days upon days upon days
Measure themselves on the slow calendar of Misery
And the call Uhuru strangled in your throat.

This is a vicious place
And you want to vomit your insides
to spit out the Nausea in your mouth
To sieve even your brain
Then to walk head-high perhaps looking for that star.

The day before yesterday
And yesterday
And even today
That deadly snake still coiled up in your gut !

The Corbeaus are eating the carcasses
Of your million deaths !
Do you still sit on that ancient rotting log ?

There strays that dream :
A song of freedom ringing from their hearts.
Your children dancing beneath tomorrow's Sun

Egbert LUCIEN

GO BOUDEN, PAT FIN EK GWAN DJOL

Sé té Go Bouden, Pat Fin èk Gwan Djol. Yo té ka maché anba bwa. Yo jwenn an pyé papay. Go Bouden mouté. Gwan Djol di'y, "Voyé yonn ban mwen".

Go Bouden weponn, "Gwenn épi lapo" !

Gwan Djol di'y, "Lè ou désann, bouden'w kay pété".

Lè Go Bouden ka désann, bouden'y fè "Po !", i pété.

Gwan Djol wi, i wi, i wi. Djol-li fann wivé jik bo zowèy-li.

Pat Fin kouwi alé di manman'y. I kouwi, i kouwi, i kouwi. Pat-li antwé adan yon nich fommi, i kasé "Pak". Ek yo toulétwa enfim pou lanmo.

Randolph HENRY

ISLANDER : VII : ONCE A WHIRLED BEAD

She thinks :

"once a whirled bead at the beck of their skilled fingers

i no longer go into rooms, riven, grieved.

i am no longer startled at the daylight.

The evening lingers in the shade of trees swung by their branches

i wouldn't harm the evening with humming doleful songs :

the spinning dust touches down as so many dreams,

the shredded days shall be (after the separate darknesses)

once interminable day,

and i shall bask in him, inhabit him like this riffled sonorous

shade of the varied blowing bougainvillea i rarely move from,

for it rustles whatever is, whatever reels within.

A withdrawn wanderer on an almond-leaf-littered beach

is as much of is as my mind may imagine him,

and so the freshly fallen grapes of an October evening

bless the fringes of an island I would not abandon.

For the great silence closes in like a flower

and you may once more see, the tree and the light

as it grows, the wavering afternoon as it turns to dusk,

and bread and wine may take us through eternity, as you would see".

Irvin DESIR

TET-BEF

La té ni yon nonm ki té ka wété an bitasyon ansanm épi yon tibway. Sèl twayay yo té ka fè, sé volè tousél. Yon jou, nonm la volè yon bèf, i tjwé bèj-la, épi i séwé vyann-lan an wazyé-a. Mé tèt bèf-la mennen'y an kay-la pou tibway-la mété'y an difé épi i pati ay jwé domino. Tibway-la limen difé épi i mété yon kanawi asou'y, mé tèt bèf-la pa té sa antwé an kanawi-a. Tibway-la katjié ki sa pou fè. i alé ko i sav nonm-la ka jwé domino épi i di, "Ga nonm-lan. Tèt-li go kon tèt bèf ki pa ka entwé an kanawi.

Nonm-la tounen épi i di, "Tibway, alé an kay-la. Tèt-ou go kon tèt hach-la ki pann déyé lapot-la pou fann tèt bèf-la pou i antwé an kanawi-a."

Joseph ALEXANDER

A FEW LINES WRITTEN TO A FRIEND SLOWLY DYING IN VIETNAM

For you,
The year is a quaint apologetic figure,
Thinned by the stench of fever,
Writhing the green blade hell you tread.
The monsoons offering their lean palms
To your throat.
You lie helpless,
Slowly rotting in that endless sea of greeness,
Fear muzzled at your side.
By the time this note arrives, you may be dead.
At home,
Careme has begun to parch your brown dirt,
The red seed dotting your hills
Reminds us of that red hell you forage in
a different land.
HANOI, KAI SAN :
Yet you fight on with that same ragged
zeal that drags this pen.
You are not afraid to die where your voice
echoes fear ;
The bang of your boot on dry twigs,
Triggering despair.
Already,
Your mother has bought her black shroud ;
When you die your soul flies home to God.
To that green-bordered sea, where
pink shells mourn, and the soft tumbling
wave,
Drums your lamentation to the sand.
It is so useless rotting in a foreign land.

Mac Donald DIXON

Mac Donald DIXON was born October 1, 1945. DIXON is one of the more senior poets writing actively in St-Lucia today. His involvement with the arts is many-faceted. As far back as the 1960's, DIXON has been very active as a playwright, actor, director, photographer and poet. He has published three volumes of poetry. "On My Blackness", "Pebbles" and "The Poet Speaks".



Malliouhana
Anguille.

Iali
Sainte-Croix.
Anglais.



Amorhana
Saba.

Aloi
Saint-Eustache, Hollandais.

Liamaiya
Saint-Christophe, Français et Anglais.

Oualachi
Saint-Martin.
Français et Anglais.

Ouanalao
St-Barthélemy.
Français.

Oualomoni
Barbade.
Anglais.

Oualadli
Antigue.
Anglais.

Alliouggana
Montserrat.

Caloucaera
Guadalupe, Français.



Couhaglaoua
Grande-Terre.
Français.

Caaroucaera
Les Saintes, Français.

Ouaitoucoubudi
Dominique.
Français et Caraïbes.



Aichi
Marie-Galante, Français.

Iouanacaera
Martinique, Français.



Iouanalaou
St-Lucie, Français.



Iouloumain
Saint-Vincent, Caraïbes.



Ichirouganaïm
Barbade.

Canahogue
Grenade, Français.



Chalcibe
Trinidad, Esp.



Le Monde Caraïbe
et les Occupants des Iles au XVII^{em} s.
selon le Pere Breton.

MARTINUS

SENT LISI

Soley-la ka asou do mwen,
Mé mwen kontan, mwen wivé,
Sent lisi, mi mwen, mwen viwé.
Sé pa dé zan dépi mwen té kité,
Mé apwézan mwen vini pou wèsté
Fwédi-a-anlé-a té two mové
Mwen vini pou pwan chalè soley-la
Glo-a anba té tèlman fwèt,
Mwen vini pou gouté lanmè salé.
Sé fèy-la la ba-a two sèk,
Mwen vini pou touché zèb séwen.
Magwé mwen ja maché otan chimen,
Mwen épi Sent Lisi pa sa sépawé.

Cindy MARIE-AUGUSTIN

THE POETS SPEAK OF FIRE

How come ?
How come
they speak no longer
of coves and seashells, silvery beaches
and
soft white surf ?

Home come ?
How come
they write no longer
about birds and bees
and
wind-torn trees ?

They speak
Yes they speak
about dirty deeds in black Soweto ;

They speak
Yes they speak
of they sins of the system
and
the ills of Concreto ;

They ask
now they ask
that the toiling thousands
know their strength ;

They ask
now they ask
that their ancestors' voices
be heard ;

Home come ?
How come now
The Poets Speak Of
FIRE ?



KONPE LAPENN

KONPE LAPENN EK JADEN

Dé lanné apwé Konpè Lapen mayé i fè lidé pou pa achte manjé anko. I kay planté jaden pito.

Yon sanmdi bonmaten, Konpè Lapen mété vyé had twavay li èk soulyé'y, Konpè Lapen pwan koutla'y évèk hach-la ki té byen filé.

Konpè Lapen alé dan tjwizin-lann, la madanm li té ka fè dité'y ba'y. I pa tè fen mé i pwan bagay pou pli ta.

Tou lè bonmaten Konpè Lapen ka pati avan soley lèvé. I fè sa pou twa mwa. Yon jou madanm-li di'y i ka alé épi'y. Konpè Lapen di madanm-li la pa ni twavay pou li.

Apwé twa mwa, you jou madanm Lapen swiv li pou wè jaden-an. Lè i wivé pwé jaden-an, i wè Konpè Lapen ka foyé yon tou. Madanm-li mandé'y pou jaden-an, i soté tèlman, i tiwé chapo-a èk i kouvé tou-a épi'y. I di madanm-li i pa ka moutjwé'y jaden-an. Si i vlè gadé pou li pa ko'y. Madanm-lan gadé toutoliwon'y mé i pa wè pyès ganm jaden. I vini lèvé chapo-a èk konpè Lapen di'y, "Sa sé tout mwen ja fè".

Madanm Lapen pa té kwè sa i wè. I mété Konpè Lapen dans tou-a èk kouvé'y andidan tou-a. Lè madanm Lapen fini, i di, "yon nonm pa sa otan fenyan".

San Konpè Lapen sav i té ka foyé tou'y.

FELLOW TRAVELLER

You hear the rain crossing the valley ?
You know it will strike us quite soon ?
You know how this damn roof is leaking ?
Well, of course you must know,
For you holed it yourself
When the wind start to blow
On the day that you said
The damn walls hold you in
And you feel like you dead
And you gone on the roof there, to dance.

You said how you were sure
If you climbed right up high
Felt the sun right above you,
Your hair in the sky,
You would see far far.
That the walls block you up,
That the walls "paw" you in
And you danced and you laughed.

Now, I was afraid you would fall down.
You said No, and So, what if I do ?
Is just safety you want ?
I have things I must see
And I can't keep on thinking bout you.

But you knew I would stay here inside it.
You knew I would wait here for you.
Now I wait and have waited and will wait
But my dancer, the rain's coming in, '
And you see how that big storm is brewing ?
Where's my shelter ?
I drowning again ?

You see you, dancer,
Big smile on your beautiful mouth ?
You see you, seeker ?
Fix the roof.
Or is I moving out.

Jane KING

CHANTE KWEYOL

Jòdi jou mwen ka li èk ékwi kwéyòl
I ka fé mwen bokou plézi
pou wimèsyé FRC
Magwé nou sav i pa ézé
Mi jodi nou ka wékòlté
Ek tan pèsonn pa gaspiyé.

Annou pa gaspiyé pli tan
Ann voyé lékòl Kwéyòl douvan
Ek an sèl vwa ann dit
Hip, Hip, Houré
lékol Kwéyol Sent Lisi pou wèsté.

Nou ka mandé tout moun Sent lisi
Pou kouté sa nou ni pou di
èk tann, lamannyè nou satisfè
èk pogwé lékòl Kwéyòl ka fé.

Christine JOSEPH

ENSTWI JENNES-LA

Jòdi jou, tout moun ka palé asou mannyé jenn manmay malélivé. Yo ka chaché tout mannyè pou doubout vyé mès yo ni. Men mwen ka di'w tout tan manman è papa pa konnèt èk ni lafwa an Jézi, anyen pa kay chanjé.

Yon manman é papa sipozé sé ègzanp pou yich-yo. Manman é papa sipozé koumansé bati lafwa yich-yo, dépi an pititès-yo ; toujou palé èk li an bib-la asou Jézi dépi timanmay-la tou piti. Ou ni pou moutjwé yo mannyè pou pwédyé, èk toujou pwédyé ansanm épi yo. Moutjwé yo mannyé pou palé èk kouté lè yo ka pwédyé.

Ou ni pou mennen manmay-ou lanmès lè dimanch, pa vwéyé yo. Moutjwé yo mannyé pou wèspèkté chak moun paskè tout moun enpòtan an zyé Jézi ; mannyè pou wèspèkté bagay moun èk apwésyè sa yo ni.

Mannyé pou enmen kò-yo èk ni lanmityé pou tout moun èk toujou chonjé sé bondyé ki mèt nous, sé li ki ka ban nou lisouf èk viv.

Ginerva DAVIDSON

KOUTE KOUTE

Yo di bèl fanm sé denmou pas ki yo ka kiennen anchay nonm. Sé té Misyé Tiko ki té ka pasé dèyè an pyé ponmsitè. An pasan i tann bouf ! bouf !. Lè i gadé i wè sé dé ponmsitè. Lè i té ka fè ganm pou pati i tann menm son-an. An lè lidé'y di'y pou gadé ki moun ki asou pyé ponm-lan. I wè yon bèl fanm épi chivé lonng asou do'y. I pa di anyen. I kontinwé maché.

Lè Misyé Tiko wivé bò lawivyè-a, i janbé lòt bò. Fanm-lan swiv Tiko san i sav, èk mandé pou mennen'y épi'y. Sa sipwi Tiko anchay pas i pa té sav fanm-lan té déyé. I di, "Mwen asou chimen ka alé lakay".

Fanman-lann di, "Mwen ka alé épi'w". Pli vit yo pati. An maché yo jwenn épi an kay dansé ; yo antwè èk dansé bouden plen.

Lè i té ka fè yonnè, yo kité pou lakay nonm-lan. Asou chimen-an, fanm-la koumansé mandé nonm-lan non'y épi lòt kwèsyon, épi nonm-la wéponn èk di, "Mwen sé nonm-lan yo ka kouyé Tiko èk mwen ka wèsté an hòtè Bèllè". Pli bel blag-la sè sa, lè i pwi sigawèt-la i di fanm-lan "Ou sav ou sé yon sakwé bèl fanm. Mwen kay vlé'w pou madanm mwen.

Kon nonm-lan fini di sa fanm-lan dispawèt paski i pa enmen sigawèt-la nonm-la ni-an. An maché nonm-lan i ka wè akodi i pa ka wè lakay-li anko, mé tout lè-a i ka santi i ka maché. Sé té yon bon bagay i pa té étenn sigawèt-la. Fanm-lan koumansé wi fo èk di, "Ou chansé ou té ka maché épi jan'w pas mwen fanm sala té kay kasé kou'w an kaskou-a."

WHO DUNNIT ?

This is a bade
Born on a beaming Sunday morning
Walked tall at midday
Grew grey with the evenings
Got smothered by a pile of falling darkness
Was interred in the heart of the night.
Who dunnit ?

The assassin's a solitary prowler
Stalks his prey without a partner, no pattern
To his slaughter. Seers possess no prescience
On the game that's next to fill his platter.
Stake out his lair all day, he's never seen to leave.
Movements imperceptible, yet he covers so much ground.
Just a ticking announces his approach and
Cutaneous hairs jolt ; a thousand hooves stampede in pulses,
Unsuspecting victims are rushing late -
They may miss their gravespace.

A phantom that's real ; an entity
Ubiquitous with its menace, whose moving hand
Is death. Lethargy chipping numbers off one's life
While he remains immortal, passing glances at his serene face
And humans shriek in terror, lives drown in a flood of adrenalin.
He, languid in his deception, draws his hands together at
twelve o'clock
As if in prayer for the departed. The faithful close their eyes
To join this newest convert ; his hands transform to a dagger
That impales their eyelids, forever shut.

Sleuths, plodding through clues
To solve this gory mystery
May not know at death
That time
Is the killer.

Melanie DANIEL

AFOS PIMAN CHO

La té ni yon tifi ki té ni yon ti bouwik. An jou bouwik-la di i fen. Tifi-a kwazé yon bol piman bay ti bouwik-la. Lè ti bèt la manjé sa i koumansé hélé. I pati kouwi, i kouwi, i pasé Matinik. Tifi-a mandé yon moun si i wé yon bouwik pasé. Misyé a hélé "Vwé, wé, wé. Mwen wé sa pasé tèlman vit, i sipozé Dominik atjwélman".

I mandé misyé-a ki sa pou i fè. Mysié-a di konsa, "Kwazé yon piman an zyé'w épi ou kay jwenn li".

Lè ti madanm-lan fè sa, i menn té pli vit. I pasé ti bouwik-la an chimen, i wivé Lannglité.

Isidore DAVIDSON

KOUDMEN KASE KAY

Véro té ni an koudmen pou kasé kay li sanmdi bonmaten. Lapli té ka tonbé èk plasla té ni anchay labou èk plasman-a té an tèt Mon Kochon. Véro té envité Eldrèd pou pétwi donmbwé-a paskè i té sa pétwi donmbwé-a pli wèd. Cyril Bouko ki té ka sépawé wonm-la bwè plis pasé i té ka sépawé. Lè kay-la koumansé kasé fanm èk nonm té ka chayé poto èk galvaniz mouté mon-la men kon yo tout té ja bwè télman ou té pou wè léta-yo an labou. Anfen yo pa janmen fini bati kay véro-a.

WOUZE KWEYOL POU'Y POFITE

Lè'w ka palé Kwéyol
an kopanni ka kouyé'w inyowan.
Yo ka bat sé timanmay-la,
lè yo palé timoso kwéyol,
En lè yo alé an gwan lékol,
yo ka fè yo apwann Spanyol
Di mwen si'w sa kopwan sa !

Défann ! sé jenn manmay-la a vlé palé kwéyol
Yo ka pété tèt-yo pou apwan palé bon Anglé,
èk yo pa ka poté kwéyol-la wèspé
Men atjolman an Sent-Lisi,
ou ni pou konnèt kwéyol pou'w twavay an bank.

An kopanni kwè yo Lanmèwik,
yo ka poté chivé-yo èk had-yo
menm kon an Mèwitjen.
Men lè yo di, "What's up, men ?"
mwen kay di, "Zéklè èk loway !"
Pis kwéyol ni two bèl ti mo kon
"Sa ka fèt ?"
"Kouman ou yé ?"
"Wonn ko'w dou."

Kwéyol sé an bèl kado.
Annou mété'y an kay-nou, manjé-nou,
èk tout sa nou ka fè.
Pa maltwété kwéyol-la kon an kwapo
Wouzé'y kon an bèl flè pou'y sa pofité.

Theresa AUGUSTIN

MYSTERY LOVER

Whose footsteps, whisper secrets
With my floor,
Who comes knocking
At my door ?

Who's caring my feelings,
Who's baring my desires,
Who leaves my passions screaming
Louder than a village crier,
Who manifests to all the world
The love I have concealed within ?

Who storms the gates of my fantasies,
Who invades the territory of dreams ?
Saddles on my emotions
Who comes riding my thoughts ?

Mystery lover,
There're so many cities and villages
You could go through,
Why have you chosen
To walk on my mind ?

Melania DANIEL



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